let me crawl up into your mind

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by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal decides that the best way to seduce his teacher is to not wear any underwear under his uniform skirt.

For the hannibal bingo prompts: going commando - captured on purpose - cunt worship - fredrick chilton's lips
Also for kinktober 2023: age difference

Gorgeous fanart now available here
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Notes

Hi!

The words cunt & clit are used to describe Hannibal's genitalia. If you're uncomfortable with that, please take care of yourself and don't read the fic. Stay safe!
Also, about the age difference, Hannibal is 16 here. Will is 36. If that makes you uncomfortable, once again, please don't read.

Otherwise, enjoy the fic!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Hannibal has always liked teacher Graham. There’s something about the man that has always caught his attention—aside from how attractive he is, of course. Hannibal has found himself staring at those beautiful blue eyes in class, forgetting completely about taking notes. He was mesmerized not only by their beauty but because he was sure there was something sinister hiding in them, something akin to Hannibal's own monster. He needs to find out exactly what it is.

For now, however, he'll settle for being fucked by him.

Luckily for Hannibal, his teacher seems to have a thing for him as well. Or at least for his legs. Hannibal has caught him a few times, eyeing his legs during class and when Will thinks Hannibal can't see him in the hallways. He's never seen him looking at his classmates the same way. He has hope.

So, with this in mind, Hannibal comes up with a risky but still likely-to-succeed plan.

Right before the third period, he goes to the restroom and takes off his underwear. He crumples his boxers and hides them in his coat pocket. Then, he leaves the stall as if nothing had happened. He can't help but fidget with the hem of his skirt as he walks towards the classroom, afraid someone will find out what he's done, but the skirt is long enough to cover him perfectly.

He arrives at the classroom with no struggle, just on time, and sits at his table next to Bedelia. It's in the middle row, right at the front, the perfect spot for what he has planned.

He makes small talk with Bedelia and the other students, Alana and Margot, who are seated right behind them. He barely pays attention to what they're saying, though, equal parts nervous and excited for what's to come.

Will walks into the classroom and closes the door behind him. There's no going back now.

"Good morning, class," he greets them in his usual indifferent, almost annoyed tone of voice.

"Good morning, Mr. Graham," everyone replies.

Will sighs and leaves his bag on his desk before he begins talking about the day’s lesson subject. Something about genetics and inheritance, Hannibal is not sure. He can't really focus. He's too busy trying to find the right time. Otherwise, not only will his plan be ruined, he could get expelled as well.

He sees those bright blue eyes take a not well enough disguised look at Hannibal's bare legs. That's his sign. He quickly shifts his legs, making sure the skirt rides up a bit and shows some more skin without yet revealing the absence of underwear underneath. Patience is key.

He notices the way Will's Adam's apple bobs as he swallows hard. He diverts his eyes from there, meeting Hannibal's straight-on instead for a second before he looks back to the whiteboard. Hannibal can swear his cheeks are tinted slightly pink.

Will ignores him for the rest of the class, for the most part, until he gives them an assignment to do in pairs. Hannibal gets to work with Bedelia, but while he writes the answers, he senses Will’s eyes

on him again. The burning sensation on his thighs could just be his imagination, but, just in case, he shifts on his chair again. This time, he spreads his legs for a few seconds with the pretext of stretching, just enough for anyone looking at his thighs to notice the absence of underwear.

He hears a loud sound of ceramic hitting wood and a muffled curse. Everyone looks up to see Professor Graham trying to save his files from being stained by hot coffee. Alana offers to go ask for a towel to clean it up. Hannibal grins, satisfied.

Good, everything is going according to plan.

He decides not to bother Will until the end of the class.

The bell rings, and all of his friends start to gather their things to leave.

“Are you coming?” Margot asks him when Hannibal intentionally takes his time.

“You guys go first, I’ll be there in a moment,” he replies.

Alana and Margot nod, not thinking much more of it, but Bedelia gives him a knowing look. He winks at her before they leave the room.

Once everyone is gone except for him and Will, who is pointedly ignoring him, Hannibal gets up with his books in his arms. He walks to the door and, just as he is about to leave, drops his stuff on the floor. He curses and bends down to grab them, his skirt riding up in the process. He hears a choking sound behind his back and smiles.

He grabs his things and turns around, looking at Will with the perfect look of innocence and worry on his face.

“Are you okay, Mr. Graham?” he asks the still-coughing teacher. “Do you need me to get you some water?”

“No, it’s fine,” Will says, shaking his head. “Come here for a minute, Hannibal.”

Hannibal walks closer to his desk. “Yes, sir?”

“Look, Hannibal.” He takes his glasses off to clean them with his coat, avoiding eye contact. “You can’t come to class without proper clothing on. It could get you expelled.”

“What do you mean, sir?” Hannibal asks, the picture of innocence as he tilts his head to one side.

“Don’t play dumb with me, Hannibal. We both know how smart you are,” he sighs. “You know exactly what I’m talking about.”

“Are you going to report me to the principal, teacher?”

“No, I won’t this time,” Will says, “but you have to obey the rules; otherwise, it’ll be my duty to do so.”

“But you seemed to be enjoying the view,” Hannibal says with a smile.

Will sighs. “Hannibal. Stop. Don’t even start. This is wrong.”

“You didn’t seem to think so when you were peeking under my skirt,” Hannibal argues, raising an eyebrow.

“Jesus Christ, Hannibal.” Will shakes his head, clearly exasperated. “Whatever game you think you’re playing here, stop it. You’re not only risking getting expelled yourself. You could get me fired as well.”

The teenager grins. “Don’t you like the risk, teacher? Even just a little bit?” he asks, moving closer. Will doesn’t move back. “Doesn’t it turn you on?” he whispers.

They’re so close that Hannibal can smell Will’s arousal in the air. His teacher doesn’t know that, though.

Will swallows visibly. “Hannibal…” he warns. He doesn’t sound resolute anymore.

“Are you going to tell me to go away, Mr. Graham?” Hannibal asks, taking another step forward. His eyes fall to Will’s lips, and the teacher does the same. “Or are you going to tell me to lock the door?”

Hannibal touches his neck, and Will’s self-control dies at the same time his patience runs out.

“Lock the door,” he orders.

Hannibal smiles and turns around to lock it. He doesn't have time to react before Will pins him against the wall, holding his wrists in a strong one-handed grip to restrain his movement. Hannibal moans.

"You're incredibly annoying, Hannibal. Has anyone ever told you that?" the teacher complains, even as he is groping his student's butt under his skirt.

The teacher stops holding him, but Hannibal obediently keeps his hands above his head, pressed against the wall.

"Once or twice," Hannibal replies, amused.

Will's hands on him feel heavenly. They spread his cheeks apart, exposing his holes, and knead his skin as if he were dealing with a piece of dough. His fingers move to his thighs then, stroking up and down, teasingly touching his cunt from time to time. Hannibal moans, arching his butt and pushing his butt towards him.

"I've always liked your legs," Will confesses in a whisper.

"I've noticed, sir," Hannibal says, biting his lower lip. "That's why I started wearing my skirt shorter." If he was forced to wear a skirt to comply with the school's uniform rules, then he better take advantage of it.

"You're such a whore," Will says. He slaps Hannibal's butt so gently it cannot be classified as a spank, but it's close to it. Hannibal whines. "Do you behave like this with every teacher?"

"No, sir, just for you," Hannibal says, sighing with pleasure when Will's fingers brush his clit.

"Fuck," Will curses, groaning. "I shouldn't be doing this," he says, even as he slips one finger inside his wet hole. Hannibal moans. "I shouldn't be giving you the satisfaction." He adds a second one.

“Shit, you’re so wet.”

"Yet here you are." Hannibal moans. His hips move in circles on their own accord, driving Will's fingers deeper. "God, yes, sir, please," he begs.

"Yet here I am," Will repeats as he fingers Hannibal open. "How am I supposed to resist when I have an eager slut like you begging to be fucked right in front of me?"

Hannibal moans. "Please, sir," he pleads again. He's so wet he feels it dripping down his thighs. "I need you inside of me, fuck me, please."

"Fuck," Will groans. He removes his fingers from inside Hannibal, and the teenager whines. "Are you on birth control?" he asks. He obviously isn't in the habit of bringing condoms to work.

"Yes, yes, I am," Hannibal replies quickly. "Please, sir."

He hears the unmistakable sound of a belt unbuckling and a zipper opening. He turns around just enough to catch sight of Will spitting on his hand before lowering it to stroke his cock. Hannibal can't see it from this angle, but Will’s hands on his hip won’t allow him to move further.

"Hurry up, sir, please, I need you."

Will's cockhead brushes against his opening, and Hannibal whines, moving his hips in an unsuccessful attempt to get it inside.

"I'll put it in with the condition that you stop trying to seduce me every class," Will says. "I won't tolerate behavior like this from you anymore. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir, whatever you say, just please, fuck me already," Hannibal begs, not caring about anything else.

"As you wish," Will says before thrusting inside, burying himself to the hilt into Hannibal's cunt.

The teenager screams out in sync with Will's loud moan. At the same time, the bell rings, signifying the end of recess and the start of the next period. Neither of them pays it any mind.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Will says, beginning to move.

Hannibal moans, blissed out on how big Will feels inside of him, on how much bigger he is than what he expected, what he fantasized about. He moans, gasps, and whines with Will's thrusts that get faster and faster each time. He is holding his hips so hard he's sure there'll be purple marks there to remind him of what they've done later.

Then Will moves one of his hands to apply pressure to his clit, and it's over for him. Hannibal forgets how to think, how to speak. There's drool running down his chin, and he has to close his eyes as intense waves of pleasure run through his body. His legs shake. He's only able to stay standing by sheer will. He's reduced to a moaning, spluttering mess, unable to pronounce any other word than Will's name.

When he comes, hard, his whole body spasms, squeezing Will's cock, dragging him even further inside. The teacher curses and moans.

"Just like that, Hannibal," he says in his ear. "You're doing so good for me."

The student moans weakly, overwhelmed. "Please," he begs, voice hoarse. "Come inside of me, Mr. Graham, please."

"Shit, Hannibal," Will whines. "How can I say no to that?"

He gives one last, deep thrust and comes inside Hannibal. Hannibal cries out, digging his nails into the palms of his hands as Will fills him up with hot cum.

"Oh," he says with a shaky breath. "Oh, shit, yes."

Will stays still, panting over his shoulder for a couple of seconds before he pulls out. He stares, mesmerized for a moment by the semen trickling from Hannibal's cunt and down his inner thighs.

"You're so beautiful," he whispers, leaning to kiss his shoulder.

The student giggles. "Thank you." His breathing is still labored, but he's slowly composing himself.

"Shit," Will looks at the clock. "We should get you cleaned up. You can't walk around the school like that."

"Oh, but you would love that, wouldn't you, Mr. Graham?" Hannibal asks teasingly, even as he grabs the underwear he earlier took off and uses it to clean himself. "You'd love it if I went on my day with your seed inside of me, knowing I belong to you," he says, smiling. He crumples up the boxers again and gets a clean pair from his other pocket. Of course, he had this planned as well. "Maybe I should bring a plug to wear next time. What do you think, sir?"

Will licks his dry lips and swallows. "There won't be a next time, Hannibal." He watches as the student puts on his underwear.

"I'm not so sure about that," Hannibal grins. He grabs the knob of the door and looks at Will one last time. "See you tomorrow, Mr. Graham." He winks.

He unlocks the door and leaves.

@pedgwshw2023

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hannibal breaks into Will's classroom, hoping to be punished.

Technically for the bingo fill: captured on purpose, although it's more like caught on purpose *shrugs*

Chapter Notes

Same warnings as last chapter apply.

Breaking into Will’s classroom after school hours was an easy affair. Hannibal simply hid in the locker room after P.E., then sneaked back into the main building. Teachers trust him, anyway, with his high grades and charismatic charm. No one associates the mysterious disappearance of a student last year with him.

Still, it’s the first time Hannibal’s done such a thing, and he’s kind of frustrated it’s going so perfectly. He’s observed Will for long enough that he knows the teacher tends to stay in school longer than the rest of the staff, often reading and grading the students’ homework at his desk other than his home. Yet Will shows no signs of being anywhere on the premises. Hannibal wanted to be caught snooping around and hoped to get reasonably punished for it. The simple thought makes him wet.

Frustrated, he rummages through the drawers of Mr. Graham’s desk. The first two don’t hide anything interesting but, in the third one, he finds a pile of printed papers. Next week's exams, he realizes. Hannibal has no use for them, he’s never cheated and never will, he doesn’t need to, but he’s curious enough to take one and skim through its contents.

He sits on top of the desk to read and, just as he is getting comfortable, the doorknob turns and Will walks in.

“Hannibal?” he asks, confused, then furrows his brows when he notices what the teenager has in his hands. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“You should keep your exams safer, sir,” he says playfully, waving the paper. “Someone might try to steal them.”

“Give me that,” he demands, snatching it out of his hands.

Hannibal looks at him from under his lashes, feigning innocence. “It’s okay, teacher, I won’t tell anyone what’s on it.”

“Why do you do this, Hannibal? You certainly don’t need to cheat to get the highest grade in the class,” Will asks, frustrated. He runs a hand through his head, messing up his hair.

“You know why,” Hannibal smiles at him.

“You’re trying to provoke me,” Will sighs.

Hannibal’s smile widens. “Is it working?”

“No,” Will lies. He puts the exam back in his drawer.

“Aren’t you going to punish me for my behavior, teacher?” he asks, turning to look at him with a pout on his lips.

Will can’t help but glance at his legs as he shifts. Hannibal is wearing the school’s P.E. uniform, and the black short shorts hug his thighs sinfully. He licks his lips and looks away before replying.

“Hannibal.” There's a warning in his tone. “Don’t.”

“Why not, Mr. Graham?” Hannibal asks, tilting his head, and spreading his legs wider. Of course he noticed Will’s gaze. “Isn’t that the school rules? To punish a student if they break them? I think stealing exams is a pretty serious offense according to the rulebook, is it not?”

Will gives up. “This *will* be the last time, Hannibal, you understand?” he says as he walks to the door to lock it.

“So you told me last time,” Hannibal smiles. “And yet here we are.”

Will walks back to him, pointedly ignoring what Hannibal said. He adjusts his glasses, pushing them higher, then crosses his arms. “Go on then,” he points to him with his chin.

“What should I do, sir?” Hannibal asks, jumping down from the desk, batting his eyelashes.

Will wants to punch him.

“Get on your knees,” he orders instead.

He sounds so commanding, dominant, that a shiver goes down Hannibal’s spine and he obeys immediately.

“Yes, sir.” He kneels down.

“Good,” Will praises. “Now take off my belt, hurry up.”

Hannibal reaches out and unbuckles it, shaking with excitement. He removes it and throws it to the floor.

“Now the pants,” Will requests.

Hannibal complies again, this time unbuttoning them and slipping them down Will’s hips. He licks his lips at the sight of Will’s bulge inside his boxers, his cock beginning to harden, its outline visible through the fabric.

“You know what comes next.”

Hannibal nods and slides them off, slowly, taking his time to commit every bit of skin revealed to memory. When Will’s cock finally springs free from its confinement, Hannibal gasps. It felt huge inside of him last time, but seeing it now is something else entirely. He wants to lick all over it, taste it. His mouth waters, suddenly feeling ravenous.

Will wraps his fingers around it, giving it a couple of strokes to bring himself to full hardness, hissing at the friction. Hannibal watches, mesmerized. Then, his teacher grabs his jaw and brings his face closer to his cock.

“Suck, whore,” he demands. “Make me come.”

Hannibal does as instructed and begins to suck the shaft of Will’s cock. Slowly, with kitten licks at first. He moves up and down, circling the entire length before reaching the tip. He tongues at the slit, beaming when it steals a moan out of Will. His hands rest on Will’s thighs as he works, savoring the saltiness of his sweat. He reaches the base, sucks lightly on his balls, then repeats the whole process. He keeps his pace slow, enjoying the way Will’s hips are jerking in response to his tongue.

After a few minutes, Hannibal wraps his lips around Will’s cockhead, sucking lightly. Then takes his entire length inside his mouth in one go.

Will screams and buckles against him, gripping the back of his head. “Fuck, Hannibal!” he curses loudly.

Hannibal hums around his cock, eagerly bobbing up and down. Will is big enough to hit the back of his throat, which only makes Hannibal’s lack of a gag reflex evident. Will moans louder, holding onto the edge of his desk lest his weak knees decide to betray him.

“Shit, how are you this good?” he asks. “Do you go around sucking all of your classmates' dicks?”

Will’s hand on Hannibal’s hair grips him tighter, guiding his movements. Hannibal looks up at Will, eyes gleaming with amusement at his question, but doesn’t answer it. He’s got quite the mouthful at the moment.

“Fuck, Hannibal, I can’t…I—fuck.” He’s breathing heavily, his legs are shaking. “Stay still.”

Hannibal stops moving, glancing at him with confusion. Will pulls out from his mouth, making a trail of saliva drip down to the classroom floor. Hannibal is about to ask him what’s wrong when the teacher grabs him firmly by the nape and doesn’t warn him before thrusting inside his mouth. Rough. Deep.

The astoundment and pleasure of it make Hannibal moan around him. He opens his mouth as wide as he physically can and lets Will use him to chase his release. Hannibal is wet and dripping as well, his shorts drenched already. He wouldn’t be surprised if Will managed to make him come without even touching him. He tastes the first few drops of Will’s precum on his tongue, savoring its bitter flavor before swallowing.

Will groans, his grip on Hannibal’s neck tightening. “Jesus, Hannibal.”

He pulls out.

Hannibal blinks, confused. “Why did you—?” His words are interrupted by a gasp when Will manhandles him, getting him up from the floor and quickly pulling Hannibal’s shorts and underwear down. He pushes him to the desk, lays him on his back, and spreads Hannibal’s legs. He presses a finger between his folds and groans.

“You’re always so wet and ready for me,” he moans.

“Sir, what are you—?” Hannibal asks, still dazed, but gets his answer when Will pushes his cock inside his cunt with no further preamble.

“Teacher!” he screams out in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

The shock from the sudden penetration leaves him completely vulnerable as Will pounds into him relentlessly. Small black spots start to swirl his vision and he feels like he’s going to pass out from the intensity of it.

“Breathe, darling,” Will reminds him as if sensing his distress. “Breathe.”

Hannibal inhales deeply, filling his lungs as much as he can between moans and whines.

Then Will’s hips still and he comes, releasing his semen deep inside Hannibal’s wet entrance. Hannibal’s entire body spasms as he comes as well, moaning his teacher’s name. Will collapses on top of Hannibal’s chest, panting for air. They remain silent for a moment as they recover, then Will groans as he pulls his softening cock from inside him. However, he quickly pushes in two fingers to replace it. Hannibal moans from oversensitivity.

He hears Will looking for something in his bag and chuckling when he finds it. Hannibal props himself up on his elbows to look at what is so funny and finds that the teacher is holding a plug. His eyes go wide, remembering what he told him the last time they did this. Will grins at the look of recognition on Hannibal’s face.

“Oh yes,” Will says with mirth. He coats it with lube from a bottle he also produced from his bag.

Hannibal’s breath hitches in anticipation and he keeps his legs widely spread as Will closes the bottle and puts it aside. The teacher turns to him and excruciatingly slowly pushes the plug inside of him. Once he’s done, he collects Hannibal’s drenched underwear and shorts from the floor and dresses him up.

“I’ll give you a ride home,” he informs him. “You’ll keep that in until we get there,” he says. He starts to get dressed up as well. “Then, next week, you’re going to wear it during the exam, is that clear?”

A surge of excitement tinged with fear washes over him and his knees go weak. “Yes, sir.”

“Good. Let’s go.”

And next week, when Hannibal obediently wears the plug to the exam, he is not surprised to see that Will changed the questions. However, as he examines them, he finds them to be incredibly hard for a high school exam. It seems to be at college level. He looks around and finds that all of his classmates are writing already, even the less studious ones, and none of them seem particularly worried.

Oh , Hannibal realizes.

He looks up and, sure enough, finds Mr. Graham sitting on his desk, looking in his direction with a devilish grin on his lips.

He switched the exam just for him. To possibly make him fail. To maybe have an excuse to keep him after class.

Hannibal represses a chuckle, crossing his legs as he ignores the rising heat from between them. He sets on answering the questions, trying not to get too distracted by the promise of what's to come.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will takes Hannibal home, certainly not to talk.

For the bingo fill: cunt worship

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As much as Will said to Hannibal there wouldn't be a second time after the first time they fucked there was, in fact, a second time. And a third one after it. And a fourth. And a fifth. Hannibal has lost count at this point.

At first, Will still would swear that "this time would be the last one", but at some point, he had to stop pretending he gave a shit about the morality of the situation and stop lying to himself. Hannibal couldn't be more pleased with it.

The shared moments and quickies that began at Will's classroom, transitioned later to the restroom, then to the school basement, to the teacher's car, and now, finally, his house.

"I hope you understand the risk I'm taking in bringing you here, Hannibal," Will says as he fidgets with his keys. His hands are so cold that he's having trouble moving his fingers to select the right one for the front door. "If someone sees you with me here, we are screwed."

"Thank you for taking that risk for me." Hannibal gets on his tiptoes to kiss Will's cheek.

"Hannibal, this is exactly the kind of thing you shouldn't be doing," Will complains, rolling his eyes. He doesn't know what he expected. "Wait until we are inside."

As soon as Will opens the door, a pack of dogs stampede outside to sniff the stranger. Hannibal lets them sniff his hands and clothes patiently, patting the heads of the more excited ones. He kneels on the ground to give Ellie a demanded belly rub. His thigh-high socks and skirt get moist with the melting snow. It's not like he pretended to keep his clothes on for long once he's inside, so he doesn't pay it any mind.

"Come on, guys, leave him alone," Will says, clicking his tongue at them. It makes Hannibal want to obey anything he says as well.

The dogs comply, allowing Hannibal to get up from the floor. He follows Will inside, scanning everything with curious eyes. Will gets a fire going in the hearth of the living room. Hannibal wonders why the man's bed is there as well, but he'll save his questions for later.

"Do you want anything to drink?" Will asks, going to the kitchen to pour himself two fingers of whiskey.

“Am I allowed to have what you’re having, teacher?” Hannibal asks teasingly as he rests against the counter.

“I’m not your father.” Will shrugs and pours Hannibal a glass as well.

“But I can call you daddy if you want,” he winks, mostly joking, and accepts the glass. The amber liquid smells quite disgusting if he’s honest.

Will groans. “Please don’t.” He takes a sip.

Hannibal takes a sip as well, making a face at the cheap beverage, but doesn’t comment on it. “Would you prefer me to keep calling you ‘sir’?” he asks. “You seem to enjoy it.”

“Don’t drink it if you don’t like it,” Will says, amused at his reaction, and expertly dodging the question. “I’m sorry I don’t have expensive Argentinian malbec or something.”

At some point, they started to shift toward the living room.

“Don’t be, I could’ve thought of bringing a bottle as a gift,” Hannibal says, taking another sip. “My offer to cook you dinner someday still stands, by the way. I could make you something tonight.”

“I don’t intend for you to be able to walk after I’m done with you, let alone make dinner,” Will declares so casually it makes Hannibal choke on the whiskey.

Will chuckles unhelpfully as he coughs. He leaves his empty glass on a table and sits on the edge of the bed. “Come here,” Will calls him

When Hannibal is done coughing, he leaves his glass next to Will’s and walks closer. He straddles his lap and throws his arms around his neck as they kiss. Will’s hands grab at his waist, massaging his sides with his thumbs, sneaking under the fabric. Hannibal moans against his lips. Will trails from his hips to his thighs, stroking the skin there.

“I love these on you,” Will breaks the kiss to declare, tugging on his sock and snapping it against Hannibal’s skin.

Hannibal smiles. “I thought you would, pervert,” he teases.

“Says the one that decided the best way of seducing me was going commando in my class.”

Hannibal rolls his eyes. “Well, clearly it worked,” he says, grinding against Will’s crotch. “Sir.”

Will groans. He lies down on the bed, bringing Hannibal with him. They kiss again and Will takes advantage of the moment to turn them around so Hannibal is lying under him. He kisses Hannibal’s neck, enjoying every soft sound the teenager makes.

He plans on making Hannibal’s first time in his house a memorable time. And he’s only getting started.

He keeps nibbling at his student’s neck while his fingers move to unbutton his shirt. He removes it easily, revealing multiple red and purple-ish marks that adorn his beautiful collarbones and chest, put there by Will during their last few weeks together. He’s a sight to behold. Hannibal whines when Will moves to suck on one of his sensitive nipples.

“Please, sir,” Hannibal moans, threading his fingers in Will’s hair. “Don’t stop.”

Will hums, biting lightly. He plays with his other nipple, twisting it and pinching it between his thumb and index finger. Hannibal makes a low noise, arching his back and pulling on Will’s hair.

“So demanding,” Will complains, but keeps going. He kisses up Hannibal’s jawbone to his earlobe and takes it into his mouth for a moment. “I should punish you for it.”

“Oh?” Hannibal asks, turning to capture Will’s lips on his. “Have I been a naughty student, Mr. Graham?

“Mn, let’s see.” He frees his nipple to count with his fingers. “You’ve worn inappropriate clothing to my class, stole my exams, proceeded to fail that exam, keep trying to seduce me when you’re supposed to be doing your homework,” he says. “And, you are letting a man much older than you, with power over you, fuck you.”

“What are you going to do to me, then?” Hannibal smiles.

Will grins. “You’ll see.” He gives him one last peck before sliding down his body.

He licks from Hannibal’s neck to his abdomen, stopping when he meets fabric. He slides his fingers under his skirt and grabs the elastic of Hannibal’s underwear, sliding it down his thighs. He makes sure that the socks stay firmly in place. Will smiles at the wet patch he sees on the boxers before dropping them to the ground. Hannibal’s legs fall open invitingly as soon as they’re off.

Will chuckles. “You’re already so wet, baby,” he says, teasing his slit with one of his fingers.

Hannibal moans. His eyes close shut and he rocks his hips almost in instinct. “Please, please, please,” he begs.

Will chuckles again, grabbing his thigh firmly to hold him in place. “Behave yourself, Hannibal,” he warns.

He pushes his finger into Hannibal’s wet opening, caressing the smooth walls gently. Hannibal squeezes around the intrusion, moaning like a wanton whore. Will is so turned on he could explode, but this day is all about Hannibal, not himself. His other hand starts to fondle Hannibal’s clit, moving at a slow, calculated pace, moving his thumb in small circles over it, applying pressure.

“Fuck!” Hannibal curses, breath starting to shake. “Please, sir, I need you.”

Will continues to fuck his finger in and out of Hannibal. He adds a second one, sliding it inside easily. There’s no need to use lube at all with the amount of arousal fluid Hannibal produces naturally. It’s a lot more than Will has seen others produce in the past.

Hannibal writhes and moans in response, throwing his head back into the pillow. He fists at the bedsheets, trying to last, even as Will's insistent touch to his clitoris is driving him insane. He feels like crying from the amount of pleasure he’s feeling.

Will crawls on the bed until he’s at the edge of it, then leans down so his face is right between Hannibal’s thighs.

The teenager’s heart beats in anticipation. “Teacher Graham…?” he asks with a shaky voice.

“Shh, sweetheart,” Will says, “just breathe.” And then he buries his tongue in Hannibal’s cunt.

Hannibal screams. Will’s tongue feels like heaven as it explores every inch of his tight hole. It’s warm. He wants more, desperately. The sight of Will’s face partially covered by his skirt, with both of his hands digging into the tender flesh of his thighs is too much.

Will moves his tongue expertly, not leaving any part of Hannibal’s folds unexplored. He moves from his slit to his clitoris, biting lightly.

“Fuck!” Hannibal moans. He buries his fingers in Will’s hair. “Please, more, Mr. Graham, I need…I need…”

Will pushes two fingers back inside Hannibal’s slit, while alternating between sucking his clit and licking around it.

Hannibal can’t think properly anymore. It’s too good, too intense. He’s ready to come apart. Everything feels too hot. Tears are beginning to stream down his cheeks.

“Sir, I’m gonna come, I’m gonna—” his words are interrupted by a loud moan.

“Good,” Will breaks apart for a moment to say, before resuming his task.

Hannibal lasts a whole, entire second more before his orgasm hits him. He comes undone, screaming and moaning. His nails dig into Will’s shoulders, which must be painful, but the teacher moans encouragingly. He continues to lick around his clitoris through the whole duration of it, making Hannibal tremble. He sees Will swallow, pupils blown wide as if Hannibal’s cum were the most delicious drink in the world.

The teacher then moves to his inner thighs, giving Hannibal a moment of rest as he bites at his skin there. Will has proved to be rather possessive these last few days, and Hannibal wants to tell him to do even more, that he can bite until he draws blood, but his mind is too scattered with post-orgasm bliss to speak. So Will continues to nibble and kiss, probably leaving red and purple bruises on his pale skin, as Hannibal tries to recover his breath.

When he finally does and is about to tell Will he’ll return the favor, Will goes back to assaulting his slit again. This time, he slips his tongue inside along with the two fingers, spreading him wider. Hannibal lets out a high-pitched whine, unable to control his own reaction.

He wraps his legs around Will’s face and extends his hands to grab at his hair. He’s not sure if he’s trying to push the man away or closer. He’s too sensitive to be subjected to this kind of pleasure, and yet he doesn’t want it to stop. It’s almost painful, and the small masochist in him revels in it.

It goes on for what seems like an eternity, Will’s expert tongue and fingers fucking him with fervor. He moves in and out, in and out, in a controlled rhythm. Just slow enough to drive Hannibal crazy while avoiding being so overwhelming so soon after he orgasmed. Hannibal’s never been able to have multiple orgasms, not when playing by himself or fooling around with other people his age. The most he’s managed is two in a day, and hours apart. When he’s with Will those limitations don’t seem to exist. He doesn’t know if it’s his teacher’s empathy—the one he’s heard so many rumors about—but the man is so attuned to Hannibal’s reactions, to Hannibal’s feelings that it’s kind of creepy.

Just as he's getting adjusted, his breath returning to a somewhat normal rhythm, Will's thumb touches his clit once again, and he loses it.

"Fuck, sir," he groans, closing his eyes. "Fuck, I can't, it's too soon, it's too—ah!"

Hannibal feels dizzy from the sensations. His mind becomes hazy. His body shakes and trembles. His toes curl, aching to release what's building inside of him, eager to feel Will deeper. To be filled up. He's panting hard again.

"It's so good, Mr. Graham, so good," he sighs, pulling at his hair. He doesn't know how Will hasn't suffocated from how tightly Hannibal's thighs are pressed around his head. "I want your cock, sir, please, wanna come around it," he begs.

Will's tongue leaves him momentarily. His entire face is covered in Hannibal's juices and cum, hair a mess. His pupils are blown wide and he looks hungry. Debauched. It makes Hannibal shiver just at the thought of being the one causing this.

"Just one more orgasm, baby," he says as he keeps thrusting his fingers. "One more orgasm, just like this, and then I'll fuck you properly. Think you can handle that?"

"Yes, yes!" Hannibal replies, "please, sir, I wanna come."

Will smiles. "Good."

He fucks his tongue inside of him again, hurrying his pace. Hannibal whimpers loudly. Will's tongue is hot, and the wet sounds he makes are obscene, filling the room. He's sure they are audible even from the outside. If a neighbor were to walk by, they would immediately know what's going on.

His mind grows cloudier as Will brings him closer and closer to the edge. His climax is building up fast. He feels his mouth open slightly in anticipation as Will's fingers continue to assault his g spot.

"Fuck, sir!" Hannibal exclaims, his whole body tensing, his breathing speeding up, his vision blurring.

His body shakes from head to toe as he finally comes. He cries out Will's name, releasing him from his firm hold. A couple of tears escape his eyes, mixing with the sweat dripping down his forehead.

Will removes his fingers and raises to kiss Hannibal's lips. The student moans when he tastes himself on Will's tongue.

"You did so well for me, Hannibal," Will praises him. "Good boy."

The praise makes Hannibal whine. His cheeks heat up at Will's intense stare.

"You like that, don't you?" he asks, amused. "Being praised?"

Hannibal nods, avoiding his eyes. Will smiles wide and grabs him by the chin.

"Don't be embarrassed, pretty thing," he says. "Will you be a good boy for me and let me fuck you now?"

Hannibal moans. Will's words go straight to his groin. It seems like the teacher managed to find out just another one of his weaknesses.

"Yes, sir," he says.

"Good boy," Will praises him. He gives him another brief kiss. "Do you want to help me take these off?" He looks at his pants.

"Yes, sir," Hannibal repeats.

He kneels on the bed to unbuckle Will's belt. He takes it off and deposits it on the bedside table, then goes back to Will's pants to undo its buttons, slide the zipper down and drag them off, slowly. His underwear gets dragged down too, by accident, but Hannibal is not displeased about it. Quite the opposite, really. The sight of his cock makes his mouth water, like a Pavlovian response. He wants to suck him off. He would live with Will buried inside his mouth if that were possible. Cockwarm him under his desk during his lectures.

"Not now, sweetheart," Will tells him as if reading his mind.

Hannibal whines, but doesn't complain. He aches to have Will inside him, he doesn't care in which way. Will pushes him to lie down again, softly and peppers his torso with kisses as he takes place between his legs.

"Do you want my fingers again, or are you ready to take me?" he asks.

"Fuck, yes, please," Hannibal answers, his voice trembling. "I can't wait. Please, I need it, sir, please."

"Always so polite." Will pushes Hannibal's legs up, giving a soft kiss on his knee. Then he brings his hand to Hannibal's face, palm up. "Spit," he requests.

Hannibal gathers saliva in his mouth, then lets his tongue out, letting it trickle into Will's waiting hand. Will's eyes are fixated on him, full of lust.

"Good boy," Will praises him again, then brings his slicked hand to his cock.

He gives himself a couple of strokes, hissing when he touches his sensitive head, giving Hannibal the most amazing show. Once he's satisfied, he wraps his fingers around the base and uses his other hand to hold Hannibal's thigh firmly.

His cock brushes against Hannibal's entrance, moving up and down teasingly before finally penetrating him.

"Mr. Graham!" Hannibal moans. He grabs Will's back so firmly that he is sure he'll leave new nail marks to add to the ones already adorning his body.

"No matter how many times I fuck you, you're still as tight as a virgin," Will says as he thrusts, hard and deep.

Hannibal's head falls back on the pillow, biting his lip to contain a scream. Will is not even touching his clitoris, yet he feels a new orgasm building up quickly. His body moves in rhythm with Will's thrusts, making the bed creak under their strength. The headboard hits the wall repeatedly. It ought to have left a mark, at this point.

His muscles constrict, tightening his inner walls, as they always do around Will's cock, trying to milk him. Will groans. His thrusts become harder, faster, hips bucking uncontrollably.

"You take me so well, Hannibal," he says between grunts, pumping in and out.

Hannibal moans, clenching his teeth together. "Please, sir, I'm so close. So close."

"Come for me, then, darling," Will whispers in his ear. "I'm close, too."

"Oh god," Hannibal gasps out, his eyes rolling back. "Mr. Graham!"

His mind is spinning, overcome by the third intense orgasm of the day. As soon as he starts, his whole body shudders and spasms. He jerks violently, and his hands clutch at Will's body so hard his knuckles turn white. His stomach clenches as he feels himself exploding in his own climax. The wave engulfs him, leaving him weak and trembling. He closes his eyes shut, waiting for it to subside.

But it's impossible when Will comes inside of him a second later, filling him up with his hot seed. The teacher moans in pleasure and holds on tightly to Hannibal's body as he finishes. It takes him a moment to finally pull out, too busy catching his breath. When he finally does, Hannibal lays there in pure bliss as cum dribbles down his thighs, staining the bedsheets.

Will leans down and gives him a soft kiss. "You were so good for me, baby." He climbs down from the bed. "Rest now, I'll get something to clean us both."

Chapter End Notes

I /think/ this will be the last chapter of this story for now, but I'm not opposed to writing more for this AU at some point, the dynamic is just too good.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> Oh, how I've missed this AU. So, here's another chapter. This one is to both fill the prompt from the hannibal bingo: Fredrick Chilton's lips, and also as fill for day 17 of dead dove kinktober: status, using the prompt age difference.
>
> Same warnings as usual apply.
>
> Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wouldn't normally have accepted going on the class trip as a chaperone. The teachers are supposed to take turns. Everyone is supposed to go as a chaperone at least once a year during the different outings the children do, be it a daytime excursion or a full-on trip to a different city, sometimes even out of the country. It's a private school for rich kids, after all.

Will always came up with an excuse not to attend. He was sick, or one of his dogs had a severe allergic reaction, or his father was visiting. Sometimes he couldn't escape excursions to museums or closer stuff, but he avoided multi-day trips like the plague.

The only reason that had him accepting joining one now was simple: Hannibal Lecter's begging him to go, telling him he would miss him too much otherwise. He pretended not to care but, in the end, how could he resist? The brat is his weak spot.

So now here he is, on a trip to fucking Paris with the entirety of 11th grade. Fucking thirty children, because of course everyone's fucking rich parents can pay for the fucking trip. At least Will didn't have to pay anything. The school covered the teacher's fees.

He sighs as he walks down the hallway of the hotel, on the floor where the girls are supposed to be staying He's supposed to knock on every door, and make sure that there are no boys in the rooms. Will wouldn't care less. As long as no one gets pregnant, he doesn't mind. He's not too fond of the gender policy of the school either, and he knows some transgender and/or non-binary kids might not feel comfortable sleeping in a room with people of their assigned gender at birth for whatever reason, and he's not about to force them to. Just as some people simply have opposite-gender friends and prefer sharing a room with them. It's not that big of a deal.

Still, when he hears loud music coming from one of the rooms he has no choice but to check it out. That could get them a noise complaint from other guests, and the teacher doing rounds on the boys' floor might also notice something is wrong. He can't risk that.

He knocks on the door, hard enough to be heard over the music. Now that he's closer, he can hear muffled voices and laughter, but everything goes quiet when the people inside hear the knock. Still, no one comes to open the door, so he knocks again, lighter this time.

“Come on, guys, I know you are in there. You are not in trouble, I just want to talk,” he says from outside.

He hears hushed voices once more, then steps. Alana is the one that opens the door.

“Was the music too loud, Mr. Graham? Sorry,” she says quickly, her cheeks a bit red. Will isn’t sure if it’s because of embarrassment, or if she has been drinking.

He takes a look inside the room before replying. He’s greeted by Hannibal and his friend group—or at least the kids he usually hangs out with—and some other teenagers he hasn’t seen around him before. The room looks okay, some stuff has been moved around so people can sit on the floor and the beds more comfortably, but nothing appears to be broken. Everyone is dressed still, not in their pajamas, and there’s a small Bluetooth speaker in the shape of a pink cat that Will is surprised was able to play music so loud. He’s not surprised, on the other hand, to find badly disguised cans of alcohol, pushed under the bed in a hurry, but he pretends he doesn’t see them. He isn’t particularly shocked, either, to find a plastic water bottle in the middle of the round. He wonders what game they were playing.

“Yes, a bit loud. You can continue your party, just turn down the volume,” he tells them. “Don’t get too drunk.” He winks.

The teenagers all laugh awkwardly. Alana’s blush deepens.

“Are you sure it’s okay, sir? We can—”

A boy by the name of Fredrick Chilton groans. “Come on, Alana, he said it’s okay, don’t make him change his mind.”

Will ignores the boy and smiles at Alana. “Were you playing truth or dare?” he asks, out of curiosity.

“Yes, do you want to join us, Mr. Graham?” Hannibal takes the opportunity to reply instead of her, smirking.

“No, thank you,” Will answers. After months of dealing with Hannibal’s incessant and risky teasing, he’s become an expert on keeping a straight face. “But you guys have fun. Don’t do anything crazy, and don’t go to bed too late. We’re visiting The Louvre tomorrow morning.”

The teens reply a mix of “Yes, Mr. Graham” and “Yes, sir, goodnight!”. Will closes the door behind his back and goes back to the room he shares with the other teacher.

He doesn’t think about the stupid teenagers’ game until the next morning when every conversation between the students seems to revolve around the game and the small party. Who did what, who confessed what, who was dared to do what, who puked because they drank too much, who had sex with whom. He tries to ignore it to the best of his abilities, but the gossip reaches his ears anyway.

Even when he’s immersed in looking at a painting by Jacques-Louis David, he hears two girls approaching who are talking about it.

“And did you hear Freddy? He was so proud about it,” one of them whispers to the other.

“Ugh, don’t remind me, he’s so annoying. Bragging about ‘making out with Hannibal’,” she says in a mocking voice. “As if, that kiss barely had any tongue.”

Will freezes, suddenly really interested in hearing what his students are talking about. Hannibal kissed Fredrick?

“No, but didn’t you notice they both suspiciously disappeared at the same time from the room? Tobias said Franklyin told him that Fredrick told him that Hannibal and he made out in the bathroom for like a whole hour,” the first one says.

Will seriously doubts that. Still… No. He shakes his head.

The second girl must agree with him, because she laughs. “Please, and you believed that? Frederick is a pathological liar, you should know that.”

Their voices fade in the distance, and Will can’t hear what they’re saying anymore. Yet, the image of Hannibal kissing Fredrick refuses to leave his mind for the rest of the visit to the museum, and then it follows him back to the hotel.

It’s almost midnight when he gets a text message from Hannibal. *Come to the basement bathroom* , it reads. The hotel’s basement is basically a party saloon, not too frequented by guests late at night, but nothing forbids them from entering.

Will looks at his fellow teacher, already asleep on the adjacent bed. He considers telling Hannibal no for a moment, rejecting the offer, but he would be lying if he said he doesn’t miss the little brat. And he would be lying as well if he said he didn’t want to interrogate him about what the hell happened with Fredrick.

He doesn’t bother changing, but he puts on his shoes and grabs the keycard of the room before walking out as silently as possible. He walks through the empty hallway until he reaches the elevators and calls one. Once inside, he presses the -1 button and rides to the basement.

Will spends an embarrassing amount of seconds trying to find the bathroom until he finally does and opens the door. As soon as he does, Hannibal grabs him by the waist and pushes their bodies together. He presses his lips to the teacher’s and kisses him, hungrily.

“Mn, I’ve missed you,” Hannibal says, smiling softly.

“I can see that,” Will replies coldly.

Hannibal tilts his head. “Are you angry at me?”

“No,” Will denies, but he doesn’t sound convinced.

Hannibal analyzes his expression for a moment. His eyebrows furrow in a way Will finds adorable.

“Is it because of those stupid rumors?” he asks, tilting his head to the side.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. What rumors?”

Hannibal laughs. “You’re not a very good liar, Mr. Graham,” he says. “I can tell you’re jealous. It’s hot.” Will rolls his eyes. “Do you really think I made out with Fredrick?”

“I don’t know, Hannibal, you tell me,” Will asks, raising a brow.

“He was dared to kiss me, yes, but it was nothing more than an innocent kiss, I promise,” he says, grimacing. “And awful, if it makes you feel better.”

Will huffs. “And what about when you disappeared together?”

“See? You really are jealous about the rumors.” Hannibal’s smile widened. “We didn’t disappear together, I went to the bathroom with Bedelia because she was feeling nauseous. I stayed there with her the rest of the night, I have no clue where Fredrick was. You know how teens are, they like to spread fake rumors.” He caresses Will’s nape. “Besides, I would never cheat on you, teacher,” he whispers in his ear. “But I still think you’re really hot when you’re jealous.”

He takes Will's ear in his mouth and lightly bites it, before licking a stripe down his neck.

“Hannibal, we shouldn’t do this here. What if Mr. Reed notices I’m not in the room and comes looking for me? What if your friends notice and come looking for you, or get scared and go alert the teacher?”

Hannibal chuckles. “Please, you knew what I wanted when you got my message. Don’t pretend you didn’t.”

He peppers kisses across his jaw, while he sneaks a hand to the front of Will’s pants to palm his cock. Will groans.

“Besides,” Hannibal continues, “don’t you want to punish me for making you jealous, sir?” he asks, eyes shining with mischief.

Will closes his eyes and exhales deeply. He lets a second pass, then grabs Hannibal by the waist and lifts him up. Hannibal makes a small sound of surprise, followed by giggles. Will carries him to the sink, where he sits him down. Hannibal hugs Will's waist with his legs, and his neck with his arms as the professor kisses him fervently.

“You’re mine,” Will says against his lips when they part. A trail of saliva still connects their mouths.

“Yes,” Hannibal reassures him. “Only yours.”

Will kisses him again, exploring Hannibal’s mouth with his tongue as if he had forgotten how he tastes. Hannibal kisses him back with the same passion. Will smiles into it and deepens the kiss. He slips his hands under Hannibal’s shirt and sneaks upwards, searching for his nipples. He touches them gently and enjoys the shiver from Hannibal in response, the moan that escapes his lips.

“Fuck, teacher, like that, please,” he begs.

He can feel Will growing harder between his legs, and he grinds down against him, desperate for some friction. His panties are so wet his pajama shorts are starting to get wet as well.

“Please, fuck me,” Hannibal breathes against his ear.

“Such a demanding, little whore you are,” Will says, making Hannibal whimper. The way Will speaks when he’s horny makes Hannibal want to trap him in a box and never let him go. “You’re

wet for me, already, aren't you? I can feel it," he says and thrusts his hips to make a point. Hannibal moans. "So desperate for me. Do you miss having my cock inside you?"

"Yes, sir, I do, please, I need you," Hannibal nods. "I need you."

Will smirks, letting his hand slip under Hannibal's underwear. Hannibal immediately sighs in relief when Will's fingers slide without resistance into his wet hole, then brush his clit.

"Oh, fuck, yes," he moans, closing his eyes.

"You're dripping, baby," Will says, fucking his fingers in and out of the boy. "You want me that badly?"

"Yes, sir, I do," Hannibal nods. His walls clench around the fingers, wanting to keep them inside.

"So needy." Will adds a third finger. "And all mine," he whispers before lightly biting his neck.

"Yes," Hannibal moans. "Please, sir."

"I should make you beg more, for kissing that stupid boy," Will says. "I shouldn't give you what you want, you unloyal little *slut* ."

That shouldn't make Hannibal tremble with pleasure, shouldn't make him want Will even harder, but it does.

"But, I have a soft spot for you, Hannibal, and that beautiful little hole that was made for taking my cock," Will adds.

The sound Hannibal makes is absolutely unholy. His back arches, and he bites his lower lip hard enough to draw blood. Fuck. That had no business being so hot. He can't even speak, just moan, and utter small pleas.

Will hears them, and he helps Hannibal up a bit to lower his shorts and throw them to the ground. He smiles at the small sting mark on Hannibal's thigh, where he got his first testosterone injection a few days ago. He kisses the mark softly, which makes Hannibal's heart melt, and it's a complete contrast to the force he uses when he penetrates his cunt.

Hannibal moans loudly and grips Will's back hard enough to leave crescent moon marks. He feels full. Complete. Will is right where he belongs.

"You should always be inside me," Hannibal says as Will thrusts in and out.

"Always?" Will chuckles. "How will you attend class? How will *I* teach the class?"

"I'll sit on your lap while you give the lecture," the teenager says between moans. "Fuck, just like that."

"Mn, will you?" Will asks. Hannibal's insides feel like liquid fire.

He keeps going, thrusting deeper, faster, and harder each time. His hands roam every inch of Hannibal's body, caressing his skin lovingly. He loves touching him, loves hearing him moan. He loves seeing Hannibal's pupils grow larger, and the way his eyes shine when he's close to coming.

“Yes, Mr. Graham, I will,” Hannibal says. “I will let the other students see how well you fuck me, how well you fill me up.”

Will groans. This boy will definitely be the death of him. He pulls Hannibal by the neck and kisses him, swallowing their moans and whines.

“Fuck, I’m going to come, sir,” Hannibal warns.

“Me too, sweetheart,” Will says. “I’ll fill up your pretty cunt full of cum, just as you like.”

Those words are enough to make Hannibal explode, and he comes hard. His body shakes violently from head to toe as he cries out his teacher’s name. Will follows suit, emptying himself inside Hannibal’s tight walls.

They hold one another tightly, breathless, as they slowly calm down. Will kisses him gently on the mouth, the tip of his nose, and his forehead. Hannibal smiles widely, eyes closed and enjoying the afterglow. He’s so in love with Will it is almost painful.

“I want to marry you someday,” he blurts out before he can process what he is saying. Dick makes him stupid, apparently.

Will doesn’t say anything in reply, only becomes really still, and Hannibal panics. He’s scared the teacher will laugh, that he’ll tell him that this was only them having fun and it doesn’t mean anything more. That he doesn’t want to date someone like him. That he doesn’t like him in that way. That he doesn’t love him.

Will does chuckle, and Hannibal feels tears in his eyes.

But Will doesn’t leave. He doesn’t say anything mean to him, either.

He kisses him instead. A sweet, small peck. Then he smiles at him, the biggest smile Hannibal has ever seen on the man.

“Can’t wait.”

Chapter End Notes

Damn it turned out more romantic than I expected haha. Anyways, thank you for reading, and if you enjoyed it consider following me on twitter here

End Notes

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